

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the Dukes fall vpon the King.

1. Gent. Heauen grant vs its peace, but not the King of Hungaries.

2. Gent. Amen.

Luc. Thou conclud'st like the Sanctimonious Pirat, that went to sea with the ten Commandments, but scrap'd one out of the Table.

2. Gent. Thou shalt not Steale?

Luc. I, that he raz'd.

1. Gent. Why? 'twas a commandment, to command the Captaine and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steale: There's not a Souldier of vs all, that in the thank-giuing before meate, do rallish the petition well, that praies for peace.

2. Gent. I neuer heard any Souldier dislike it.

Luc. I beleue thee: for I thinke thou neuer wast where Grace was said.

2. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1. Gent. What? In meeter?

Luc. In any proportion. or in any language.

1. Gent. I thinke, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, despite of all controuersie: as for example; Thou thy selfe art a wicked villaine, despite of all Grace.

1. Gent. Well: there went but a paire of sheeres betweene vs.

Luc. I grant: as there may betweene the Lists, and the Veluet. Thou art the List.

1. Gent. And thou the Veluet; thou art good veluet; thou'rt a three pild-peece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a Lyft of an English Kersey, as be pild, as thou art pild, for a French Veluet. Do I speake feelingly now?

Luc. I thinke thou do'st: and indeed with most painfull feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine owne confession, learne to begin thy health; but, whilst I liue forget to drinke after thee.

1. Gent. I thinke I haue done my selfe wrong, haue I not?

2. Gent. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Enter Bawde.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes. I haue purchas'd as many diseases vnder her Roofe, As come to

2. Gent. To what, I pray?

Luc. Iudge.

2. Gent. To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

1. Gent. I, and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1. Gent. Thou art alwayes figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error, I am sound.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feast of thee.

1. Gent. How now, which of your hips has the most profound Catia?

Bawd. Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth fife thousand of you all.

2. Gent. Who's that I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry Sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

1. Gent. Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested: saw him carried away: and which is more, within these three daies his head to be chop'd off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not haue it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with childe.

Luc. Beleue me this may be: he promis'd to meete me two howres since, and he was euer precise in promise keeping.

2. Gent. Besides you know, it drawes something neere to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1. Gent. But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Luc. Away: let's goe learne the truth of it.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the sweat, what with the gallowes, and what with pouerty, I am Custom-shrunke. How now? what's the newes with you.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well: what has he done?

Clow. A Woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clow. Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar Riuer.

Bawd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clow. No: but there's a woman with maid by him: you haue not heard of the proclamation, haue you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clow. All howses in the Suburbs of Vienna must bee pluck'd downe.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the Citie?

Clow. They shall stand for seed: they had gon down to, but that a wise Burger put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the Suburbs be puld downe?

Clow. To the ground, Mistris.

Bawd. Why heere's a change indeed in the Commonwealth: what shall become of me?

Clow. Come: feare not you: good Counsellors lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you neede not change your Trade: He bee your Tapster still; courage, there will bee pity taken on you; you that haue worne your eyes almost out in the seruice, you will bee considered.

Bawd. What's to doe heere, Thomas Tapster? let's withdraw?

Clow. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Prouost to prison: and there's Madam Juliet.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Prouost, Claudio, Juliet, Officers, Lucio, & 2. Gent.

Clow. Fellow, why do'st thou show me thus to th' world? Beare me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in euill disposition,

But from Lord Angelo by speciall charge.

Clow. Thus can the demy-god (Authority) Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by waight The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will, On whom it will not (foe) yet still 'tis iust.

Luc. Why how now Claudio? whence comes this re-

Clow. From too much liberty, (my Lucio) Liberty

As surfet is the father of much fast,

So euery Scope by the immoderate vse

Turnes to restraint: Our Natures doe pursue

Like

Like Rats that raue downe their proper Bane, A thirsty euill, and when we drinke, we die.

Luc. If I could speake so wisely vnder an arrest, I would send for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief haue the foppery of freedome, as the mortality of imprisonment: what's thy essence, Claudio?

Clow. What (but to speake of) would offend againe.

Luc. What, is't murder?

Clow. No.

Luc. Lecherie?

Clow. Call it so?

Pro. Away, Sir, you must goe.

Clow. One word, good friend:

Lucio, a word with you.

Luc. A hundred:

If they'll doe you any good: Is Lecherie so look'd after?

Clow. I thus stand with me: vpon a true contract

I got possession of Juliet's bed,

You know the Lady, she is fast my wife,

Save that we doe the denunciation lacke

Of outward Order. This we came not to,

Onely for propogation of a Dowre

Remaining in the Coffer of her friends,

From whom we thought it meet to hide our Loue

Till Time had made them for vs. But it chanceth

The stealth of our most mutuall entertainment

With Character too grosse, is writ on Juliet.

Luc. With childe, perhaps?

Clow. Vnappely, euill so.

And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,

Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newnes,

Or whether that the body publique, be

A horse whereon the Governour doth ride,

Whom newly in the Seate, that it may know

He can command; lets it strait feele the spur:

Whether the Tinsanny be in his place,

Or in his Eminence that fills it vp

I stagger in: But this new Governour

Awakes me all the inrolled penalties

Which haue (like vn-scow'd Armor) hung by th' wall

So long, that nintene Zodiacks haue gone round,

And none of them beene worne; and for a name

Now puts the drowfie and neglected Act

Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Luc. I warrant it is: And thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milke-maid, if she be in loue, may figh it off: Send after the Duke, and appeale to him.

Clow. I haue done so, but hee's not to be found.

I pre'thee (Lucio) doe me this kinde seruice:

This day, my sister should the Cloyster enter,

And there receiue her approbation.

Acquaint her with the danger of my state,

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputation: bid her selfe aslay him,

I haue great hope in that: for in her youth

There is a prone and speechlesse dialect,

Such as moue men: beside, she hath prosperous Art

When she will play with reason, and discourse,

And well she can perswade.

Luc. I pray thee may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand vnder greuous imposition: as for the enioying of thy life, who I would be sorry should bee thus foolishly lost, at a game of ticktack: Ile to her.

Clow. I thanke you good friend Lucio.

Luc. Within two howres

Clow. Come Officer, away

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke and Friar.

Duk. No: holy Father, beleue not that the dribling

Can pierce a compleat bofo

To giue me secret harbour,

More graue, and wrinkled,

Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace spee

Duk. My holy Sir, none b

How I haue euer lou'd the li

And held in idle price, to ha

Where youth, and cost, with

I haue deliuer'd to Lord An

(A man of stricture and firm

My absolute power, and plan

And he supposes me trauail

(For so I haue strew'd it in th

And so it is receiu'd: Now

You will demand of me, why

Fri. Gladly, my Lord,

Duk. We haue strict Stat

(The needfull bits and curbe

Which for this foureteeen ye

Euen like an ore-growne Ly

That goes not out to prey: I

Haue bound vp the threath

Onely to sticke it in their chi

For terror, not to vie: in tim

More mock'd, then fear'd: so

Dead to infiction, to themse

And libertie, plucks Iustice b

The Baby beates the Nurse, a

Goes all decorum.

Fri. I rested in your Gra

To vnloose this tyde-vp Iust

And in it you more dreadfu

Then in Lord Angelo.

Duk. I doe feare: too dre

Sith 'twas my fault, to giue th

'T would be my tyranny to stri

For what I bid them doe: For

When euill deedes haue their

And not the punishment: the

I haue on Angelo impos'd the

Who may in th' ambush of my

And yet, my nature neuer in th

To do in slander: And to beh

I will, as 'twere a brother of y

Visit both Prince, and People

Supply me with the habit, and

How I may formally in person

Like a true Friar: Moe reasons

At our more leysure, shall I re

Onely, this one: Lord Angelo

Stands at a guard with Enue:

That his blood flowes: or tha

Is more to bread then stone: wh

If power change purpose: wh

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